

The Minden Echo.

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

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VOL. IX, No. 9.
TERMS \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

MINDEN ONTARIO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1892.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

HALIBURTON TIN SHOP:—For the convenience of my customers to the north and east I purpose being in Haliburton on Monday 1st October, 1892, so if you want a stove or stove pipes or any kind of tinware, you can get the inside track by calling on me.

I have through a d pipes put up, stove covers lined, and all kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

If you want comfort at little cost get one of my double acting drum stoves; they are just the best thing out. Call and see them.

Orders left with J. Lucas or D. Kellett, will have my best attention.

A. MCINTOSH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. R. CURRY,
Office in rear of Post Office,
MINDEN, ONT.

W. M. FIELDING,
CROWN LAND AGENT,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, etc.
Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

WALTER MUNN, Agent & Collector for The Singer Manufacturing Co., for County of Haliburton. Residence and P. O. address, MINDEN, ONTARIO.

Machine Oil and Needles always on hand.

H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, T.C.R., etc., Office, Bigelow's Block, Kent St., Lindsay, over R. Smith's Dry Goods Store. \$10,000 to loan at 6 per cent.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
COUNTY CLERK PROV. CO. HALIBURTON,
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator, etc., etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the County, Minden, Ont.

JOHN WILSON, auctioneer and valuator for Victoria County, and dealer in second hand furniture, old iron, copper, &c., William Street, Lindsay. G. Height agent for the County of Haliburton.

DENTISTRY, J. NEELANDS, L.D.S., M.I.C.D.S., Out., Dentist, Lindsay. Teeth extracted positively without pain. Artificial teeth inserted at moderate prices.

R. C. GARRATT, MINDEN,
BAILIFF FIRST DIVISION COURT,
Provisional County of Haliburton; County Auctioneer; agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Accounts promptly collected. Estates assigned to him will receive proper attention. Orders left at Curry's Drug Store will be promptly filled.

GEORGE BARRY, proprietor of the hotel known as the Sluam House, has good accommodation for the travelling public, and has also good stabling with attentive hostler always on hand. Bar well supplied with choice liquors, cigars, &c.
G. Barry,
Proprietor.

IRONDALE HOTEL,
IRONDALE, ONTARIO.
This hotel offers first class accommodation to the travelling public. Camping parties stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes, &c. The best brands of liquors and cigars always kept on hand.
S. E. HANCOCK, PROPRIETOR.

GORDON & LUCAS,
HOUSE, SIGN & CARPENTRY PAINTERS,
Haliburton.
Kalsomining, Paper Hanging &c., &c.
Orders left at this office promptly attended to.
WM. GORDON, J. R. LUCAS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
HALIBURTON, ONT.
JOHN A. LUCAS, PROPRIETOR.
Offers first-class accommodation to travelers. The Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.
Good stabling and an attentive hostler always on hand.
Haliburton, August 1889.

MINDEN HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONT.
This favorite hotel has been recently re-fitted and improved. It offers first-class accommodation to the travelling public. Guests patronizing the Minden Hotel, will find it a comfortable home. The table is always well supplied and attended to. The bar kept furnished with all that is necessary and the stabling will be found commodious and comfortable with a good hostler always on hand. A first-class Commercial Room has also been fitted up, making this one of the best equipped in the county.
W. TERRY, PROPRIETOR.
Minden, Jan. 5, 1891.

DOMINION HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all those who may favor him with a call. Good sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store house. A well kept table. Meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied with wines, liquors, ales and cigars, of the best quality.
JOSEPH PYM.
Huntmen stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes and help.

Farm for Sale.

200 Acres, Township of Snowdon, being lots 10 and 11 in 6th Con.; about 50 acres of Lot 11 all hardwood. Terms easy. M. BROWN, Minden, or W. McNewcastle.

Mail Stage Route — BETWEEN — MINDEN & GELERT, Twice Daily Each Way

Leaves Minden at 5.15 a.m. and 4 p.m., returning from Gelert immediately after arrival of trains

DONALD J. HARTLE,
Proprietor

A PROPOSAL

OVER the balusters bends a face,
Darlingly sweet and beguiling:
Somebody stands in a class grace,
And watches the picture, smiling.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
I wonder why she lingers:
And when all the good nights are said,
Why somebody holds her fingers

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops its mass a brown
Like a mantle over his shoulder

Over the baluster soft hands fair
Brush his cheeks like a feather
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together

There's a question asked, there's a swift
Carriage:
She has flown like a bird from the hall
way:

But over the balusters drops a Yes
That shall brighten the world for him
always

It ch on human and all animal's cured
In 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary
Lotion. Warranted F. R. Curry.

The Minden Echo

MINDEN, FRIDAY, OCT 28, 1892

PERSONAL.

Miss E. L. Rogers has been visiting her friends at Irondale this week.

Mr. E. Noice visited Toronto last week to complete his stock for the fall season.

Mr. A. Wilson visited Toronto this week, where he made extensive purchases of dry goods, &c., for the Co.'s store in this place.

Mr. Geo. Dartnell, of Bobcaygeon has taken the job of plastering Mr. Workman's new building in this village. Mr. Dartnell is an energetic and a good workman who always gives satisfaction.

We were pleased to see Mr. Barry, who had the misfortune to have part of one of his feet taken off by the train at Fenelon Falls last spring while in the employment of the Rathbun Co. being able to take an active part in the Co.'s lumbering operations here this season.

LOCAL.

—TO-NIGHT.
—In the Town Hall,
—School Entertainment.
—Good time may be expected
—The admission fee is only 10 cents.
—Doors open at 7, concert begins at 7.30

WANTED—A smart boy to learn the printing. Apply at this office. This is a splendid chance or an ever etc youth.

Mr. H. Preddy, Practical Watch and Clock Maker has commenced business at Mr. Barry's Hotel, Minden; give him a start.

The Methodist Church at Gelert purpose holding their anniversary tea on the 11th of Nov. A suitable programme will be provided, and a sumptuous tea prepared for all comers

RAISING BEE—There was a very successful raising bee at Mr. Henry Robertson's, Lutterworth, on Monday last, quite a large number of settlers were present and raised a fine block house that Mr. Robertson intends to finish up in good style for a dwelling

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses Blood Spavin Curbs Splints, Ring Bone Sweeney Stiles, prunes Sore & Swollen Throat, Coughs etc! Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by F. R. Curry.

EDITORIAL.

Might I take the liberty of asking you (as editors are supposed to know everything) whether it is an honorable or right thing for a man to borrow his neighbor's pig to exhibit as his own at a show draw a prize, pocket the money and laugh at his success

ANSWER—It is a great mistake to suppose that editors know everything—they don't—but we have no hesitation in replying to the above enquiry that our opinion is, no honest or honorable man would attempt such a piece of fraudulent imposition, and that any one who could be proved guilty of such an act is liable to prosecution criminally for obtaining money under false pretences.—Ed. Echo.

WANTED:—A good general servant. Good wages. Apply to Chas. D. Barr, Registrar of Deeds, Lindsay

In the absence of Rev. S. J. Green, Mr. Walter Moore, of Stanhope, took the service in the Methodist Church here on Sunday evening last.

LUMBERING—The Messrs. Rathbun have now a large number of men in the woods north of here taking out logs and we understand still more are coming. It is expected three large camps will be in full operation there during the lumbering season.

SHEEP WORRIED—Mr. W. Fielding had a valuable South Down Lamb worried by dogs on Tuesday last close to the villa. There have been a couple of other cases of sheep worrying very recently here and we hope the dogs will be caught and destroyed.

By a card in our advertising columns it will be seen that Mr. J. H. Harvey, J. P., of Cobogouk, has fitted up a first-class Roller Gristing Mill there. Mr. Harvey is an enterprising man and a good citizen, who deserves success, which we hope he will secure in his new business enterprise.

STOCK SHIPPING—Mr. Haffle took a car load each of both cattle and sheep from Minden on Wednesday last; the cattle were certainly a prize lot and the sheep were also good. It is surprising the amount of stock that is being raised and sold in this county, and the means to develop this business is almost indefinitely, as there is money in it. Some of the practical farmers are turning on rented farms in the frontier. Thousands would come out here and see their sons and devote their attention to stock raising they would find it a profitable business than their present occupation.

It is said the greatest thing in Almanacs this or any other country has yet seen will be the State Almanac of 1893, real, 300 pages and 6 maps. To be perfectly sure of getting it we believe it will be best to give your order to a news

POACHERS BEWARE—There seems to be a determination by the authorities to put down illegal hunting and fishing, and to punish with the utmost severity of the law, those who disregard the statutes in this behalf made and provided. We notice that in Muskoka several persons have been heavily fined for breaches of the game laws and we understand that in this locality the penalties are to be strictly enforced against all who are found the outlook sharply for the guilty ones and we hope they will be successful in catching them, as we learn from what we consider good authority, that the law has been violated by several persons in this locality—and that it is not those who have been most strongly suspected who are the worst offenders.

It was announced in the World that owing to the large number of applications for permits to shoot deer received this year from residents of the United States no permits would be issued by the Provincial Secretary this year. Notwithstanding this prohibition it has been learned that a number of Americans are already on the ground ready to commence operations next week, despite this clause.

16. No person not a resident and domiciled in the Province of Ontario or Quebec shall be entitled to hunt deer without having first obtained a license in that behalf.

To-day Provincial Detective Greor will leave for Muskoka and will remain until the season closes on Nov. 15. Assistant wardens have been stationed at various points in Muskoka, and every violator of the law will be prosecuted. The hunting season is limited this year to 15 days. Other provisions of the act—

No one person shall kill more than two deer.

Hunting or killing deer by what is known as "crusting," or while they are "yarding," is prohibited.

No fawn shall be hunted or killed. The penalty for offending against the provisions of the act is a fine not less than \$20 and costs.

MARRIED

At the Methodist Parsonage, on the 25th October, by the Rev. W. H. Lennox, Mr. John Colbert, to Miss Cassie Staley, both of Glanmorgan, Ont.

BIRTH

At the Township of Snowdon on Thursday 20th inst. the wife of Mr. Walter S. Munn of a daughter.

At the Township of Anson, on Friday, 21st inst. the wife of Mr. Robt. Hughes, of a daughter.

Valuable Farm for Sale BY TENDER

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up till noon on

Saturday, Nov. 12, Next,
for the purchase of lot number 24, con. A, Township of Minden, containing 100 ACRES.

This is an excellent farm with over 80 acres clearing, a good dwelling house, large frame barn and other farm buildings, all in good repair.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
Assignee Est. D. Keers.

Dry Picked AND Scalded NOT

is what we say about

POULTRY,

Also Not Drawn, then let them be perfectly cold before packing for market. Bring us your poultry in above condition and we will pay top prices.

BUTTER.

We handle the bulk of the produce of the Country, and for all Good Quality we pay away up in price.

All kinds of saleable Farm Produce finds ready sale here at good prices for Cash.

Call on Gorrie anyway and see what he is doing.

D. GORRIE, HALIBURTON.

We do not pay for the Butter Tubs, but we give the top price for the Butter which is much Better.

We close store at 7 p. m. each evening. We work hard and 7 to 7 is long enough. Please Note This.

J. G. EDWARDS

Importer and Dealer

Miners Supplies

DYNAMITE

A Fresh Stock arrived this week. Special Price for 50 & 100 lb. Lots
Blasting Powder,
Cast Steel for Drills, Double Tape Fuse, Pulley

Blocks, Rope & Chain, Wheelbarrows, Hammers.

Orders promptly filled. Prices Low. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. G. EDWARDS,
110 Kent St., : : LINDSAY.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED PRODUCTIONS OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH have honorably achieved fame in competition with the best instruments of other makers the world over, still stand in the

FRONT RANK

Elegant and Chase Design of Case,

Beauty of Finish,

Solidity of Construction, and

Thoroughness of Workmanship.

Every Piano and Organ Warranted for Five Years.

Each Instrument has our Patented Mouse-Proof Attachment.

Inspection of the Dominion Pianos and Organs cordially invited. Descriptive catalogues supplied upon application.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO.,

Bowmanville, Ont.

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MINDEN ECHO

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AGRICULTURAL.

A Flock of Sheep.

By THOS. D. BAIRD.

One of the advantages derived from keeping a flock of sheep is that, if they are properly managed, they can be made to aid in maintaining or even restoring the fertility of the soil. This is too great a benefit to be overlooked by the farmer, especially when so many have poor briary and bushy farms. Where sheep have the range of a field very few weeds will ever go to seed, and bushes and briars will be so thoroughly cropped that they will either die or be kept from making much of a growth.

I had two neighbors; each lived within one mile of me. One of them after shearing his sheep, very often after turning out, set his dogs on them and ran them off so that they would not bother him any more that summer. The consequence was his fields grew up in bushes and briars until his farm in many places was almost a wilderness, the fences rotted down and the land worn out. His sheep, what few could be found, were brought in in the fall so full of burrs that their fleeces were of little value. When the other neighbor bought his farm many of the fields were nearly worn out and grown up in bushes and briars. He built good fences around his farm and also cross fences. One field lay on my road to town. This field, though very poor, he sowed in grass. He made this his main sheep pasture for three years. After two years the field was freed from bushes and briars. The fourth year he planted it in corn; although it was not above an average season it yielded on an average forty bushels per acre. His sheep were always clean and free from burrs or anything to injure the wool, and he never lost any by straying off or being killed by dogs.

When a farmer can thus easily turn the weeds and briars of his fields into excellent manure he should do so. Of course sheep should be fed something besides what they can get in the fields, yet this additional food works to the profit of the farmer in two ways; it not only insures a good and profitable growth of flesh and wool but it makes the wool richer and more valuable. A portable shed could be arranged to be moved about the fields, under which the sheep will readily congregate. The poorest spots may be made fertile, and the whole field by frequent and regular changes of the flock may be thoroughly enriched.

The demand of the manufacturer will likely never decrease, and a ready market will be found for all times, so that wool is one of our most valuable

YOUR

Sheep of the South down breed, perhaps, are the best for wool. A mutton, still the farmer should remember that wool is a product as well as fat, and the flock should be fed and managed with a view to wool growth and that of fine quality. By so doing you have more wool and you get better prices.

It is said that a properly raised sheep between the age of three and five years makes the best mutton, and that there is a great deal in slaughtering and dressing mutton to make fine flavored meat. The sheep should be well bled and dressed as fast as possible.

Grasses.

If I had been asked what kind of feed the cattle found in my pasture, I might have said without much hesitation, daisies, sorrel, and huckleberry brush, with a little clover and Rhode Island red top. It seems to me the last two are the most desirable of any that I know.

As to the best kind for hay, I think that depends very much on the use to which it is to be put. For those who do not sell hay I think the best kinds to seed are timothy, red top and clover. If any one wishes to seed often, and sell the hay the red top had better be left out; and if one has a farm from which he can sell most of his upland hay, it would be better to use mostly timothy and reseed often.

If one can get ready it seems more natural to seed in August; doing this he is about sure of a good crop the next year, while if he waits much later, the grass hasn't time to root firmly, and, in case of hillside land, is liable to wash badly. On one piece I had a good crop where I seeded in the spring.

When is the best time to cut grass for hay? If one wants it for his own use, it would pay to begin when the earliest hay is nearly grown. It is more work to dry it at this time, but it is much better for milk than it is when fully grown. If one prefers to sell, and only wishes to cut one crop, it may pay better to let it get nearly ripe.

It seems to me it is more profitable, if your farm is in good condition and you can keep it so, to sell off all the nice upland hay except enough for the horses. If one is short of pasture and wishes to make a lot of milk in summer he can do so if he has a good pile of fertilizer, by sowing a piece of winter rye in the autumn, then, after this is harvested, sowing with millet, and afterwards reseeding with barley.

The kind of grass which seems to me better than any is Indian corn. If harvested in the right time, you can get a nice quantity of feed beside the grain; but, of course, the addition and quantity of one's land has a good deal to do with kind of grasses it is best to raise.

Clover Experiments.

Observant farmers have noticed the habit of the sweet or Bokhara clover, *Melilotus alba*, of growing in the bottoms of brick-yards and in places along the roadside, where the surface soil has been scraped away; these unpromising situations apparently being chosen in preference to more fertile soils. Acting on the hint thus given, the Ohio experiment station in 1882 plowed up, carefully prepared and seeded to melilotus a piece of stiff clay land, part of which had been stripped of its soil some years previous for brick-making, and which had since been very unsatisfactory for tillage. The melilotus was allowed to grow up and fall down, reseeding the ground until the fall of 1891, when a quarter acre of the original patch was plowed and sown to wheat, the same quantity of similar land adjoining, which had been kept under rotation of corn, oats and wheat, being prepared and sown at the same time and in the same manner.

The result was a yield of 18.6 bushels of wheat per acre from the land which had been cropped in rotation, while that which had been cropped in rotation at the rate of gain self-seeded melilotus.

This experiment alone is not conclusive. Probably the wheat crop would have been increased as much at the end of one year as by four years' growth of melilotus; but it was desired to study the habit of the plant in other respects, especially that of self-seeding and continuous growth on the same land; therefore, it was undisturbed until it had demonstrated its ability to maintain itself.

The result is offered as a suggestion to farmers who have refractory and unproductive clay soils which they may wish to ameliorate cheaply. It must be remembered, however, that the melilotus has the habits of a weed and must be kept in check; but this is easily done.

As the melilotus belongs to the same family of plants as the clover, it will be understood that its growth probably adds actual fertility to the soil, in addition to the physical improvement produced by its deep-growing roots. It may be sown broadcast in the spring or in July, at the rate of eight or ten pounds of seed to the acre.

A Recipe for Keeping off the Horn Fly.

The U. S. government receipt for keeping off the horn fly (*Hæmatobia ferrata*) as found in the reports of the secretary of agriculture for 1889 is train oil, (known as Tanner's oil) sulphur and carbolic acid, in proportions not given.

I mixed the above receipt in the proportion of oil one gallon, sulphur one pound and acid two ounces, using it only on cattle already grown sore, and in the week past have used the train oil clear on the rest of my cows once, and find that it is the very thing that all the humane farmers should resort to. One application has healed the sores, and the cattle have not been annoyed for the past week. An sure one application a week of the clear oil is sufficient unless the cattle get sore, then the acid and sulphur should be used by all means. [H. B. Iverson.]

Farming is a business, and the man who would make a real success of it nowadays must be a good business man. He must be an all-around good business manager. Besides buying and selling and the employment of labor, there are the planting, cultivating and harvesting of crops, the breeding, feeding and care of live stock, the use of machinery, and a hundred other things that require intelligence, skill and executive ability of a high order. There are a thousand little details of the business to be carefully looked after to make the farm do its best. Taking everything into consideration, the wonder is that there are not more failures in the farm than there are. No business on the city would long stand under the easy-going management of the average farmer.

Man-Eating Frogs.

People living on the line of the Chickamauga River are somewhat excited over a number of strange and enormous frogs that infest the neighborhood. These frogs—by they greatly resemble frogs—were brought to the country from the Mississippi swamp in A. D. 1886, and put in the Chickamauga River. They are said to be of enormous size when grown. These were very small when brought, and are just beginning to show what they can do. They are doing some mischief now. One has been catching chickens, and is thought to have been driven to the mountains for refuge during the high waters, and while on his way back to the river, being very hungry, he caught a chicken to appease his hunger until he reached the river, where he could get fish, as they live principally upon fish. When driven away by high tide and starved for a few days they will attack a person. The Savannah News says they are reported to be good food for man, but have never been tried yet, as they are very hard to capture. The one that passed through would have been captured, but the man had to go to the house for his gun, and the frog made one leap and was out of reach of a fair shot, after devouring quite a number of chickens. The Lafayette Messenger reports that Mr. Burrows, Mr. Manley, and his son William were out in the bottoms a few days later, and discovered something living near the river bank, which they thought to be a large barn-sack filled with something—thought it had probably floated from the mill above, and on going up for inspection found it to be one of these frogs. They, seeing the danger they were in immediately made an attempt to get away. Mr. Manley, being an old man, directed his course to an old empty cotton house which was near for refuge. Just as he was entering the house the frog seized his coat tail, leaving him almost breathless and nothing but the shoulders and sleeves of his coat. A few minutes later Mr. Burrows came near the house where Mr. Manley had taken refuge, and, seeing the frog tussling with the fragments of the coat, said to himself, "Has the frog torn Mr. Manley to pieces and now in its mad career is tearing to pieces his clothes?" The next thought that entered his mind was, Where was Will? Had he been murdered by the mad monster? Mr. Manley was then suffering from the shock ever since. While some of the reports about these monster frogs may be exaggerated, there is no doubt but that they are dangerous. Their enormous growth is a mystery.

IT WAS A SLAVE SHIP.

Gilbert Islanders Taken in Drives to Central America—The Cruise of the Steamer Montserrat.

A San Francisco, Cal., despatch says:—A local paper contains an account of the cruise of the steamer Montserrat, which arrived here Thursday from San Jose de Guatemala, after having landed in Guatemala ports 388 natives of the Gilbert Islands, who were delivered to wealthy plantation owners of Central America under a contract to become laborers there for a term of five years. The account is written by a reporter who left here in April last in the guise of a sailor and accompanied the vessel on the entire voyage. The account declares that the Montserrat was a slave ship, that the natives were sold in Guatemala for \$100 a head, the amount being taken in the guise of "passage money." It states that the steamer visited a number of places in the Gilbert group and shows that most questionable methods were resorted to to get natives aboard. In a number of cases young ladies were induced to go aboard the steamer and were frightened into signing a contract, and then their parents and other relatives, not being willing to part with them, would go aboard also. A number of old and decrepit men and women and young children were among those secured. Upon arriving at Guatemala the plantation owners would sometimes demur at paying for such helpless labor, and these victims would then be presented in consideration of their paying for the more able-bodied ones. The manager of the expedition was W. H. Ferguson, who was also connected with another alleged slave-ship, the ill-fated Tahiti, which sunk with 400 Gilbert Islanders aboard. The reporter says that during the visit of the Montserrat to the islands Ferguson deceived the islanders as to the fate of their countrymen on the Tahiti, and told them they were safely landed in Mexico and enjoying great prosperity. The account also states that of the 400 Gilbert Islanders who were taken to Guatemala two years ago under the same conditions, to work on plantations, there are only 183 alive now, the others having succumbed to fevers and other diseases.

A Prolonged Sleep.

A very curious case of lethargic sleep is (writes a Vienna correspondent) engrossing the attention and calling forth all the ingenuity of the four physicians actually on duty in the public hospital of the city of Oedenburg, in Hungary. A week ago a stranger arrived there, drove to one of the hotels, and, being somewhat fatigued, retired to rest. After he had slept for thirty-six hours, the proprietor of the hotel thought it was time to have him called. But in spite of the efforts of the servants to awake him, he continued to sleep with the same indifference to all about him. Medical assistance was thereupon invoked, and the stranger was removed to the public hospital, where he has continued sleeping ever since. After eight days of his Panteleueian rest he seems as far from awakening now as he was a week ago. The doctors have been unable to detect the symptoms of any disease whatever. Once and once only they contrived to awaken the sleeper for three minutes, during which he replied to the question as to his name and native place, describing himself as M. Kainovics, a wealthy silk manufacturer from Bohemia. His object in coming to Oedenburg was to open a branch house for Hungary. The authorities have telegraphed to his relatives.

SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN MANITOBA.

An Incident.

To sportsmen, perhaps the most enjoyable time is that of spring and fall, when ducks, prairie chickens, grouse, plover and other game are in season. In the fall, early in the morning, several buckboards with their occupants may be seen winding their way in and out over the numerous trails, that lead to and from the city, accompanied by their dogs, and with their guns resting securely between their legs or lying lightly in the hollow of the left arm, ready for any birds that might rise across their track.

It is on just such a day as we have in September or October, that you can sally forth and have a real good shoot, not returning at night with a couple of crows and red squirrels, like they do in Ontario, but with several brace of plump prairie chicken and grouse, which make your arm ache to carry them. All one wants is a good dog, a good double-barrelled gun and a quick sight; as the birds are nearly all killed on the wing as they rise from cover, you need to be quick or you will miss them.

Many are the stories told and experiences related by local nimrods, after their day's outing, but the one which was related the other day, in confidence, beats them all, and as it will bear repeating, we venture to tell it again:

Two or three well-known Winnipeg sportsmen, wishing to bag a few of the coveted chickens early one morning, drove out in the country, until they reached the cultivated farms, where they made a start after their game through the wheat fields. They passed over several farms, the owners of which objected in very strong language to the Winnipeggers trespassing on their premises, either for shooting or anything else. To this the city gentlemen paid no attention, but continued bringing down their birds which were very plentiful; at last they reached a farm, occupied by an English man, who strongly insisted that they should at once take their departure, but as plenty of game was in sight, the gallant sportsmen refused to go, which brought forth a torrent of abuse from the proprietor, and words interposed with several choice epithets were hurled back and forth, "at any rate," said the farmer, speaking to the leader, whom we shall designate as Mr. C, "you are no gentleman or you would not wantonly disobey my orders." "But," said C, "I am I assure you as much a gentleman as you are" with a look of disgust at the farmer's clothes, "if you are, where's your carad, gentlemen usually carry their carad you know." "Why, said C, I don't usually carry my carad when I go out shooting or camping. I leave them home, but," said he, in a tone of derision, "as you are such a gentleman perhaps you can produce yours." In reply, the armer, to the amazement of the others, slowly put his hand in his pocket and brought forth his carad, which he handed to C, at the same time saying, "there it is Mr. C." To say that they were startled would be putting it mildly, for the whole thing seemed so ridiculous that a good fit of laughter was indulged in. When they had ceased their merriment, with which they had nearly exploded, the farmer said "There is no use hanging around here any longer, there is only one man in Winnipeg, welcome to a shot here, and that is Dr. C. If he should come he would be welcome to shoot all he wished." "Why, confound you man!" said C, "I am Dr. C." At this announcement they all laughed, until their sides ached, and the crest-fallen farmer turned on his heel and said no more. After this the party met with no more resistance, and returned home the next day with full bags, joking about their adventure.

MASSACRE OF CONGO EXPEDITION.

Shocking Cases of Cannibalism.

One of the survivors of the expedition which, under Major Hodister, was endeavoring to establish a trading station at Rebi Rebi where the majority of its members were massacred by Arabs and blacks, arrived home in the British steamer Lunaba (Captain J. W. Murray), and gives a thrilling account of the terrible experiences of the expedition. Rebi Rebi is one of the Arab villages on the Upper Congo, about a week's travel from Stanley Falls. It seems that a young official from the Congo Free State visited Rebi Rebi, and told the Arab leader of the place that the State intended to take the village as a trading station. The district is really governed by a nephew of the great Tippoo Tib. He was absent from the town, but the Arab leader told the officer that they would not allow him to take the place, but the officer replied that he would come back with 2000 men and take it. He did return, but only had 15 blacks with him, and on the Arab asking where the 2000 men were, the officer said they were coming. The Arab and his followers then fell upon the little band and killed them. After cutting off their heads the Arabs

THREW THE CORPSES

to the blacks to eat. The blacks in this region are out-and-out cannibals, but of course the Arabs do not eat human beings. The Arabs had been friendly enough up to this time, but they have strenuously opposed any attempt on the part of the whites to deal directly with the natives in that quarter. They have regarded their position as middlemen as their absolute right, and to establish a trading station in the Katanga territory was looked upon as a step in the direction of doing away with their intermediary. Major Hodister, who was coming up with a numerous following, was a man well known to the natives, who regarded him with special favor. With his expedition were twelve whites and a great number of natives, including also women and children. When they approached, the Arabs, thinking they were the force of 2000 men that the young Belgian officer spoke about fired into them. Major Hodister, who was on foot, was leading his horse, and when the Arabs fired the Major's followers were about to reply; but Major Hodister threw himself in front of them, throwing up his arms, and ordering them not to fire. He then advanced towards the Arabs on foot, with his horse still following. The Major intended to reason with the Arabs, and thought his presence would prevent bloodshed. He had not advanced far, however, when the Arabs opened fire again, the unfortunate Major and several others being shot down. Those who did not escape were either shot down or otherwise killed, as the Arabs made

A TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT on the band. Of the 13 whites seven were killed, including Major Hodister, and as is customary with the Arabs they cut off the heads of the slain, and gave them and the bodies to the blacks as their part of the "spoils of victory." One of the first to be decapitated was poor Major Hodister himself, and although in life he was such a favorite with the Arabs, they paid no respect to his body in death, as it was given to the cannibals like the other corpses, and by them was eaten up. Indeed, it is reported that the body of the unfortunate Major was made a special meal or two of by the voracious natives. When the Arabs and their black allies made their terrible attack the expedition was quite unprepared for it, as it was felt certain that Major Hodister, when he advanced towards the Arabs, would have been able to make them cease hostilities, being so well known amongst them. At last, however, those who could make good their escape. The six whites who remained alone made for the river and got clear in a canoe going down the stream towards Stanley Pool. They had a long and trying journey before them. During the trip down the river one of the poor fellows was attacked with dysentery, to which he succumbed. A second became crazed and jumped overboard. The remainder, after a terrible time, reached Matadi. It was said that when the Arabs came to realize what they had done, the leader, fearing the wrath of Tippoo Tib's nephew, had expressed his sorrow for the massacre, and had offered to pay in ivory an indemnity for the lives that had been sacrificed by the expedition. This he offered to do at the rate of 30 francs per man, which, it is said, is the value placed by the Arabs on the lives of their own people.

A Blessing in Disguise.

It sounds paradoxical, but it is true that the threatened visitation is a blessing in disguise. The Asiatic cholera is the great sanitary inspector of Nature. He may be regarded as the author of modern sanitation, and whenever the zeal of the sanitarian buries low, the cholera goes his rounds and revives the faith of mankind in measures of public health. There can be little doubt that the cholera saves far more lives than the few whom it sacrifices. There is hardly a capital in Europe which is not being made cleaner, sweeter, and therefore more habitable and healthy because of the threatened visitation. We are all putting our houses in order, clearing away our middens, emptying our cesspools, purifying our water supply, and generally waging a holy war against dirt and uncleanness. It is a striking illustration of the immense utility of sensationalism in the economy of the universe. The cholera is really one of the least deadly of diseases if deadliness is to be computed by the numbers slain. Half a dozen other maladies slay, year in and year out, ten men for one taken by the cholera; but they do it in a quiet, stealthy, strictly non-sensational fashion. Hence they kill, and kill, and it does no good. But when the cholera comes along it produces the maximum of sensation by the minimum expenditure of life, and does more good in its sensational tour of three months than all the other diseases do in as many years. It is no doubt due to their appreciation of this fact that the journalists exhaust their resources in striking head-lines as if to get up a cholera panic. Otherwise their method of dealing with the cholera news would be murderously cruel.

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—[Shakespeare.]

Blest is the man who dares to say,
"Lord of myself I've lived to-day."
—[Horace III. 23.]

You can not do wrong without suffering wrong.—[Emerson.]

ONE OF MANY.

It was Saturday night, the end of a week of toil. Mary Lawson was sitting in her little kitchen repairing the scanty clothes which her children—asleep in their beds—would put on in the morning. A candle burned at her elbow. She had bought it at the grocery store because it was cheaper than oil, and Jim in a drunken rage had broken her only lamp.

As the woman worked tears fell slowly down her thin face and dropped on her sewing. She was thinking of the time when she had been a happy, though hard-working girl, living out at service and saving her wages. Then she met Jim Lawson, the ne'er-do-well, and because he was lonely and miserable and knew how to make love to her she had married him.

Jim was all right when he was sober and could get plenty of work to do, but he was weak and liquor made him wild. It was a year now and he had not earned a dollar, and Mary had cut loose from him for the children's sake. She could not have her boys contaminated by their father's example.

So she again became a bread-winner, and in the past year had helped Jim many times, but he could not enter her doors, for they were hers and not his.

Tap-tap at the window pane. How it frightened her.

"Who's there?" she called.

"It's Jim—poor Jim. Lemme in, Mary—my Mary," piped a weak voice.

"I'll not let you in, I'm not your Mary," answered the woman in a fixed and unrelenting voice.

"For pity's sake—for God's sake, let me in, Mary, or I'll die in the street," came a pleading wail.

The woman stepped to the door and opened it. Before doing so she took something out of a drawer, something that she held behind her.

A man shabby, drunken and ugly, confronted her.

"I'm comin' in," he said in a rough, threatening voice, staggering forward as he spoke, "an' I'll pay you, my dear, for keepin' me out—'til I can!"

He started back as before his eyes flashed the barrel of a pistol.

"You won't come in," said his wife, "until you come home a sober man. Go and find your friends, and get shelter from them, for its none you'll get from me."

She shut the door in his face and waited, standing there with the pistol in her hand, until he had gone and she could no longer hear his uncertain footsteps.

Then she put the weapon back in the drawer, and sat down again with her work. But her hand trembled so that she could not sew. She looked at the candle and saw the grease guttering at the side.

"Heaven help me," she said, "it is a winding-sheet. If 'twart for the children, I'd be glad if 'twas mine."

A few moments later another mood possessed her.

She hurried to the door, opened it and looked out on the night.

"Jim, oh, Jim!" she called. The wind was rising and moaned in the trees of the park. A late dog running home was the only living thing in sight. A child's voice talking in its sleep came from the room back of her.

"Jim! Come back! It's Mary callin' you."

A window across the street flew open. The neighbors were used to hearing midnight brawls from their house. She went in and closed the door.

If it had been possible for her to go back to the time they met, and know of the future what she knew of the past, she would have married him again at that moment. Such is the selfishness and devotion of a woman's love. God knows, and He is keeping tally.

Jim, out in the night, reeled hither and thither until he came to the park. Had he laid down on the benches a policeman would have found him, clubbed him into a sober state and taken him to the police station for safe keeping. But he rolled in among the leaves and shadows under a bench and went to sleep.

And in that sleep what dreams did come. Warmth, light and beauty, and Mary's own self calling "Jim! Jim!" as she used to in the first happy days when they went to housekeeping. And Jim smiled and slept and knew no more.

He did not even know when in the morning as the sun was chasing the stars out of the sky Mary found him, knowing something of his haunts. The smile was still on his face, and that was all Mary had to comfort her, for she said: "He must have seen the Angel of Forgiveness to look like that."

British Politics.

The defeat of the Gladstonians in the Cirencester division of Gloucestershire was not unexpected. In every by-election since the general election the Gladstonians have lost ground, and it was plain that if in Cirencester the loss was in proportion to the losses in other constituencies the Government candidate would be defeated. Nor was there anything about the Cirencester contest which promised a better result for the Liberals than in the other constituencies. The member elected in the general contest was an old representative and personally very popular, yet he only carried the constituency by something like two hundred votes if our memory serves us. The new candidate was not altogether *persona grata* to the constituency and besides he had been defeated at the general elections. That the Gladstonians all but tied their opponents in the contest is rather better reality than they expected to do under all the circumstances. Nevertheless the defeat is discouraging to them for another reason. There was some hope that the Liberal-Unionists would now find it impossible to do anything else but support Liberal candidates. Their position was only tolerable before because they could force Liberal legislation upon a Conservative Government; with a Liberal Government in power how could they do otherwise than support Liberal legislation, even though by doing so they were compelled to vote against the Conservatives and for the Liberals. This dilemma was pointed out by a prominent Liberal-Unionist, and it was fondly hoped that the Liberal-Unionists in the country would solve it by choosing to support the Gladstonian candidate. The Cirencester election makes it clear that they still stand by their principles.

If you were to take the conceit out of some people the remains would *definitely* identify them.

MINDETECHO

28/10/1972

..ses For Sale.
A good Team suitable for farm work will be sold cheap or exchange for good driving horse. Apply to
Chas. D. Curry

To Be Sold.

A Jersey Bull with pedigree, 2 years old. Apply at White Lake Farm, Lot 33, Con. 1 Township of Snowdon.
To Richard Scott or Mrs. H. C. StGeorge.

20 Ewes Wanted.

Any person having a few good young Ewes for Sale could find a purchaser by applying to the undersigned, Lot 2, Con. 5, Township of Minden.
Robert J. Taylor.
Minden, 3rd Oct., 1892.

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the undersigned either by book account, note or overdraft mortgage are hereby notified that they are required to settle up this fall without fail, otherwise prompt steps will be taken to enforce payment.
Mark Morrison.
Minden, 21st Sept. 1892.

R. G. HAIGHT,

**The Farmer's Friend
& Licensed Peddler.**
ALSO
Agent for Myers' Horse & Cattle Spice

We will buy everything you have to sell, and sell you most everything you want to buy.

Bring Along
Your Old Copper.
Your Old Brass.
Your Old Rubbers.
Your Wool.
Your Wool Pickings
Your Eggs & Cuts
Your Butter.

For a higher price than any other place.
In our Peddling Van we will endeavor to carry a choice mixture of

DRY GOODS, T, TOBACCOES.
GROCERIES & TINWARE.
Use Myers' Royal Spice for Pigs, Poultry, Horses, Cattle & Sheep.

R. G. Haight & Co.
Use Myers' Royal Spice.

Tailoring!

—YOU CAN—
SAVE MONEY
BY HAVING YOUR
CLOTHES MADE BY
CLARK & SON,
FENELON FALLS.

William Eastman,
Blacksmith, Horse-shoer

—AND—
GENERAL --- JOBBER

Careful personal attention given to Horse-shoeing, everything in Blacksmithing attended to promptly. Work warranted and prices moderate.
Call and give me a trial.
W. EASTMAN,
Minden

TAILORING!

—IT WILL—
PAY YOU
TO GIVE ME A CALL
ERE YOU ORDER YOUR
FALL and WINTER
—SUITS—

G. ROWLSON,
Superior

The Minden Echo

MINDEN, FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1892.

The Crops

THE work of thrashing the present season's crop has been progressing rapidly in this locality, it is now found the yield and quality of grain are both very satisfactory. In this there is much for the farming community to be eminently thankful for, as in many sections of the country south of us, where land is held at more than ten times the price per acre that it is here the yield has not been nearly so good as it has been in Haliburton County. The root crops this season have also done very well and the average in this class of farm products has been yearly increasing so that the present root crop may be fairly looked upon as the largest ever produced in the back country, but the excessive rains have largely damaged the potato crop, which otherwise was good, but many of our farmers now complain that at least one half of the crop of this important article of food is lost by the rot; however, taking all things into consideration, the general result of the harvest of 1892, is most encouraging to the industrious settlers in this County.

THE wheat crop in England is reported the shortest on record, so that larger supplies of the staff of life will be required there this season than any former year.

THE Orangemen of Head Lake intend celebrating the 5th November by a soiree and several prominent members of the order have been invited to be present, amongst others the Prov. Grand Master of Ontario East; the brethren are looking forward to a pleasant demonstration.

A MAN, named Edward Chas. Royatt, was arrested in Toronto on Monday last, charged with larceny of a watch and chain from his employer in Lindsay, and on visiting 52 Agnes Street, where his wife was stopping, the stolen property was found. Chief of Police Bell, of Lindsay, being notified of the arrest, went to Toronto to bring the prisoner back for trial.

Looks as if a Mistake Had Been Made.

Edward C. Royatt, who was arrested on Monday on the charge of stealing a watch from a man in Lindsay, had in his pocket when arrested an unpaid letter addressed to the owner of the watch, saying that he had forgotten to return it before he left Lindsay and asking if he should send it back or wait till he should return to Lindsay.

SUICIDE.—On Monday morning last a man named Charles Wadleigh, aged 60 years, took off his coat and vest and deliberately lay down in the mill race at Oshawa, where he was shortly afterwards found dead; he had been a resident of the place nearly all his life, was a quiet respectable man in comfortable circumstances; he leaves a wife but no children. The supposed cause for the rash act was despondency over dread of losing some money he had loaned.

Victoria College

VICTORIA COLLEGE was on Tuesday afternoon last formally dedicated to the great cause of education. The proceedings were of a very interesting and enthusiastic character. Addresses were delivered by the Lieutenant Governor, Hon. R. Harcourt, President London, Vice Chancellor Mulock, Mr. Goldwin Smith and other distinguished gentlemen. The incident of the day was the announcement by Dr. Potts that he had received a check for \$40,000 from Mr. H. A. Massey to be used in the endowment of a chair in theology in the new college.—Globe.

First-Class Crayon Portraits
ANY of our readers desiring first-class crayon portraits made from photographs of members of their family should secure prices from the Anglo-American Art Association, No. 9 Ground Floor, Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ont., who have the largest staff of experienced artists in this line on this continent. Agents can make money securing orders for crayon portraits. Send for full particulars by mail or call on them. Work is unequalled and prices lower than the lowest. A sample portrait from this Company will be on exhibition at the office of the Echo.

MRS. HARRISON, wife of the President of the United States, died on Tuesday morning last, after a protracted illness succumbing to a gripe.

"THE Fisheries Act," chapter 95 of the Revised Statutes, the following regulation was made and ordered to come in force on the 15th day of October, 1892:—

No one shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess any fresh water herring, or ciscoes, between the 15th day of October and the 30th November, both days inclusive, in each year.

On and after the 15th day of October, 1892, the close season for both salmon trout and whitefish in Canada (except in the province of Manitoba), shall be from the 15th day of October to the 30th day of November in each year, both days inclusive.

Fine Weather We're Having

A Fact Appreciated by a Young Man With an Extensive Vocabulary

We have a young society man in Detroit we are proud of. He is a society man who can be something else when he wants to be, and he wants to be quite frequently. He is a dry wit and he delights in prodding society people whose capacity is limited to society. Most of all, he is against society talk. During the first week in October he was in New York and attended a reception or rather a tea at 5 o'clock.

"It's a charming day," observed the swell young woman he had met shortly after he had entered the room.

"Yes," he admitted, because it was a charming day.

"We have been having very lovely weather for some time," she continued.

"Yes," he responded, with the air of a man who knew what he was talking about and proposed to finish the subject completely before he was done with, "and the long spell of clear weather in the middle Atlantic States bids fair to last a day or two longer. The high pressure area still covers the States east of the Mississippi, with its centre resting on the Atlantic coast, showing no inclination to pass off. This area brought much colder weather into the lake regions and the New England and Middle Atlantic States on Saturday night. In Northern New York and New England frosts occurred. In this city yesterday was fair; highest official temperature 60°; lowest, 48°; average humidity, 50 per cent.; wind, northwest; average velocity, twelve miles an hour."

The girl gave a slight gasp and looked at him appealingly, but he was pitiless.

"I see by the United States Signal Service forecast," he went on, "that the indications are for New England, generally fair and warm weather, probably followed by showers Monday night in extreme northern portions of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; winds shifting to southeast. For Eastern New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, fair and warmer, wind shifting to southwest. For the District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, warmer, fair; winds shifting to south. For Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, warmer and fair, probably followed at lake stations by local shower during the afternoon or night; southwest winds increasing in force. Fair weather continues in all districts, except in the upper lake region and in Dakota, where local showers are reported. The area of high pressure has moved almost directly southward from the lake regions and now covers the Atlantic coast from New England to the east Gulf States. The slight depression which was central north of Montana on Saturday evening has moved eastward to Lake Superior, and a second disturbance is apparently advancing from the region north of Montana, the barometer being relatively high over the Rocky Mountain districts. It is much cooler in the Middle Atlantic States. The temperature continues low in New England and New York, where frosts occurred this morning, and it is warmer in the upper lake region and in the upper Mississippi Valley. Generally fair weather will continue throughout the central valleys and in the districts on the Atlantic coast, with warmer, southwesterly winds from Virginia, northward to New England."

Then he smiled sweetly and would have heard what the girl had to say about it, but she didn't have anything to say—she was speechless, and he passed on to the next one, smiling as before.

NOTICE

My new Roller Flour Mills and Chop pling Stones are now running in a first-class style and I will be glad to have a share of your patronage, and hope to hold your custom by fair dealing and doing first class work. I will always have a stock of flour and mill feed on hand, and will pay highest market price for wheat, peas, oats, rye, buckwheat or barley. Yours very respectfully,

J. H. HARVEY, Cobocok.

WAKE UP AND MAKE MONEY
AND STOP CRYING HARD TIMES

CARTER

of Lindsay,

Is your friend, and he is willing this fall and winter to sell you Dry Goods and Clothing at a slight advance on cost

SO BRACE UP AND CALL ON

CARTER

And Make Known Your Wants

LOOK READ ACT

Men's Tweed Suits	\$1 95
" Blue Serge Suits	2 50
" Wool Pants	65
" Heavy All Wool Tweed Pants	1 25
" Fine Tweed Overcoat (flannel lined)	8 95
" All Wool Cardigan Jackets	75
" Heavy Knit Shirts (laced or button) col. attach.	50
" Heavy All Wool Socks	12 1/2
" Wool Undershirts	25
" " Underpants	25
See the Wonder Brace, 2 pair or	25
All Wool Cashmere (all shades)	25
Heavy Wool Serge Dress Goods, (40 inch.)	20
See our New Winter Coatings (50 inch.)	75
2500 yds. Grey Flannel, going at	15
1700 yds. Shaker Flannel	06
900 yds. Feather Ticking	03
500 yds. Cottonade	10
Heavy Factory Flannel	21
White Wool Bed Blankets (very large) ex. h'vy, only	2 00
Cotton Grain Bags (hold over 2 bus) per doz.	2 25
Fancy Bordered Towels 33 x 17 inches, each	5
6 White and Fancy assorted Hdks	25
Men's Waterproof Coats (regular \$3.75) now	2 00
Fingering Yarns, per Skein	6
6 lbs. White Wool Bed Blankets	2 50
Boy's 2 piece Winter Suit (and base ball bat or bat free) for	1 95
Ladies White Cotton Chemise, lace trimmed, sale price	29
Ladies White Cotton Night Gowns, lace trimmed going at	48
700 Men's Winter Caps, to be cleared at	25
Ladies Heavy Winter Shawls (big plum at)	1 95
Wide Hemp Carpet, now	10

We have the Largest Stock Ladies Mantles in the County. the Best Quality and the Lowest Price Stock of Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits ever offered for Sale.

The Ladies all agree that we have Largest Assortment of DRY GOODS at the Lowest Prices ever before shown in Lindsay.

WE WANT EVERY FATHER AND MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER AND OLD MAIDS as well to make out a list of their wants for winter and come direct to THE GOLDEN LION, Where you are all WELCOME.

Send your orders by mail if you cannot come yourself and if goods we send you are not right they can be returned at OUR EXPENSE.

M. J. CARTER,

The Cheapest Dry Goods Dealer in the County.

Sign of the Golden Lion.



LINDSAY

MINDEN ECHO

25 / 10 / 1962

991. 44

PATERSON & CO., LINDSAY,

Have the Greatest Bargains in Clothing in Canada.

Any person in need of a Heavy Winter Suit, Overcoat, Full Cloth Jacket, Heavy PA TIS, ODD VESTS, or any thing in the Shape of CLOTHING, can save 25 per cent. by trading with us.

Our Stock of Men's Under-Clothing is the best Value in LINDSAY. We show Heavy Shirts & Drawers, all wool, for 45c.

In FURS we Show Every Style of Caps, Coats & Robes. It will pay any man to come & see our Stock before he purchases.

In Blankets we show Heavy White All Wool Blankets at 50.

Heavy Grey Blankets, at 25c. lb. Our Store is packed full of Bargains in all kinds of Dry Goods, and every person in the North Country will Save Money if they come down and make their Fall and Winter purchases from

PATERSON & CO.,

Who run the Syndicate STORE,
The Greatest Place for Bargains in
CANADA.

Our Store is Next to the Post Office, Lindsay.

PATERSON & CO.



DAILY Stage from Minden to Kilmount and return every evening, connecting with the trains east and west, leaving Minden every lawful morning at five o'clock, returning at 8 o'clock in the evening. Dunbar's Hotel during the day, leaving Barry's Hotel in the morning.

F. GAINER, Proprietors.
GEO. BARRY.

ARMY MEN

BY joining our Army we can give you steady employment the year round, selling our choice Nursery stock, salary or commission paid every week. Write at once and secure territory.

ALLEN NURSERY CO.,
Rochester, N.Y.

PUMPS.

I beg leave to say that I have started the manufacture of Pumps with turned heads and Pipe. Timber all steamed, thus taking the sap out and preventing it from spoiling the taste of the water. I make a hardwood, or galvanized steel lined cylinder, according to your wish and attend to the repairing all makes of pumps.

Terms moderate. Give me a call.
J. H. DAVID,
Inglisby.

STRAYED

From the premises of the undersigned, Lot 8, Con. 5, Lutterworth, about Oct. 16th last, the following cattle, 1 Cow, red and white, with bell on and blind fold with piece of leather; 1 Cow, red and white; 2 Yearling Steers, 1 red, other red and white; 1 Yearling Heifer, spotted red and white.

ERICK GROZELL,
Moore's Falls P. O.

Anyone giving information leading to their recovery, will be suitably rewarded.

SEND to

TheGlobe

TORONTO,

FOR AGENTS' OUTFIT FOR 1893,
INCLUDING VALUABLE

PRIZE LIST.

Anybody
Can Get
Up a
Club.



We want Young People to work for us. Write early. It Will Pay You.

THE GLOBE.

WEEKLY GLOBE, balance 1892 FREE.

COOK WANTED:—At the Dominion Hotel, Minden; to a competent cook good wages would be paid, apply to J. Pym.

WOOD TAKEN—Those of our subscribers wishing to pay up their back subscriptions in wood may do so if they deliver it at once.

NOTICE—All parties indebted to J. D. Cottingham, Dentist, are notified to pay up before the first of November next, as after that date the unsettled accounts will be placed in court for collection.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by F. R. Curry.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails.

Rebecca Wilkinson of Brownsville, Ind., says:—I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which did me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world. A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by F. R. Curry.

The Atlantic Record

The Record gives this table, showing the manner in which the Atlantic record has been lower d since 1866, when the steamships for America first began sailing from Queenstown:—

Year.	Ship.	D.	H.	M.
1866	Scotia	8	2	48
1873	Baltic	7	20	9
1875	City of Berlin	7	15	48
1876	Germanic	7	11	7
1877	Britannic	7	10	53
1880	Arizona	7	7	23
1882	Alaska	6	18	37
1884	Oregon	6	11	9
1884	America	6	10	40
1885	Etruria	6	5	31
1887	Umbria	6	1	42
1888	Etruria	6	1	55
1889	City of Paris	5	19	18
1891	Majestic	5	18	8
1891	Teutonic	5	16	31
1892	City of Paris	5	15	58

Church Chimes

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY, OCT. 30, 1892.

MINDEN (St. Paul's.)
9.30 a.m., Sunday School.
10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer & Sermon.
Maple Lake (St. Peter's.)
8.30 p.m., Evening Prayer & Sermon.
Stanhope (The School House.)
7 p.m., Evening Prayer & Sermon.
All are welcome.
J. HUGHES JONES, Incumbent.

METHODIST SERVICES

Progress, 11 a.m., Rev. S. J. Green.
Providence, 2.30 p.m., "
Minden, 6.30 p.m., "
Gelert, 10.30 a.m., Rev. W. H. Learoyd.
Stratford's, 2.30 p.m., "
Lindopp's, 6.30 p.m., "
WELCOME

Read Nole's new adv.
Read Watson's adv.
Read Gorle's new adv.
Read Edwards' new adv.
Read Paterson & Co's new adv.
Read the above from the Econo columns.

TWO WEEKS MORE.

DENTAL J. D. Cottingham, dentist, will continue his practice at the Sluman House for another two weeks. Those wishing to have teeth filled, extracted or replaced would do well to give him a call.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE, is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease CONSUMPTION, don't fail to use it, it will cure you or cost nothing. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00.

For good reliable Boots & Shoes, in Men's, Women's, Boys', Girls' and Children's sizes, go to Perkins & Co., 52 Kent Street, Lindsay; their stock is always well assorted, and they keep Ames, Holden & Co's celebrated Boots & Shoes, and their prices are right. Mr Perkins, who was with Messrs. Bryans & Co. during the time they were in business, has charge of the business, and customers may depend on getting the best value in the country. Be sure and see their goods when in Town. Perkins & Co., 52 Kent Street, Lindsay, first door East of Catho & Co., opposite McLennan's Hardware Store—311.

High Testimony

We publish elsewhere the advertisement of the 4th Half Yearly Literary Competition of the Canadian Agriculturist. It is the most interesting Competition ever offered by The Agriculturist. The leading prizes are: \$1000 in cash; \$500 cash; a pair of handsome Shetland ponies, carriage and harness, and over 2,000 other valuable prizes for The Agriculturist's brightest readers. The \$1,000 in cash will be paid to the person sending in the largest list of English words constructed from letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist." \$500 will be given for the next largest list; the ponies and harness for the next; a grand piano, \$100 organ, \$100 piano, dinner sets, ladies and gent's gold and silver watches, and over 2,000 other prizes in order of merit. The Agriculturist has earned a reputation for fair dealing, and is an old established and reliable journal. Each competitor must enclose one dollar with the list of words, which will entitle him to The Agriculturist—a handsomely illustrated Home Magazine—for 6 months. The following letter from Lord Kilcourse the Governor General's secretary, speaks for itself.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 6th, 1892.

SIR,—It will give me great pleasure to recommend my friends to enter your competitions. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

KILCOURSE, A. D. C.
To the Editor of The Canadian Agriculturist.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands a "Fast India" missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, and by mail by addressing with stamp, enclosing this paper, W. A. NOYES, 530 Beaver's Block, Rochester, N.Y.—N.B.

Watch Repairing

The undersigned is prepared to attend promptly to any watch repairing sent him and will guarantee the work well done.

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LIGHT IN HER LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Can I come in?"
"Of course you can, if you try; and you have my permission to do so, if so disposed."
"Dear me, how clever you are! You take my breath away with such ready wit."
"Cruel sarcasm!" said the owner of the sanctum thus invaded, as she rose from the music-stool, pushed away a pile of loose music, and came forward to kiss and greet her visitor.

It was a sharp cold morning in December and walking had brought a vivid colour to the visitor's cheeks. She looked young and happy, over-flowing with health and energy.

"I thought I should never get rid of Geoff this morning, she said unwinding the fur from her throat and approaching the fire. "He was kept out till nearly two o'clock this morning with a patient, and so he slept late, poor old boy, and I hadn't the heart to wake him. It was old Mrs. Hay, out on the Greyfield Road; you know her?"

"Yes, I know," answered the vicar's daughter. "Father thinks she's dying; what does Geoff say?"

"He thinks she will not last through the week," said Mrs. Geoffrey Boyd, seating herself in a basket-chair.

Miss Rutland stood with her back to the table, her two hands resting upon it. There was a little pause between the two girls—evidently intimate friends—then the owner of the room asked slowly—

"Are they back at Greyfield yet?"

"They come back next week," answered Mrs. Boyd, avoiding looking at her questioner.

"How do you know?" asked Miss Rutland, after a pause—

"I had a note from Marjorie."

Neither of them spoke for some time. It was evident that something lay behind the seemingly commonplace questions and answers.

A country vicarage—a winter morning—Cecily Rutland, eldest daughter of the Vicar of Ryelands, receiving a morning visit from Ruth Boyd, the doctor's pretty young wife. It was an uninteresting ordinary occurrence; but, under the surface, some tolerably strong feeling was evidently at work.

Certainly Cecily was neither uninteresting or ordinary. She was a well-made slender girl, rather tall than short, and with hands, feet, and figure all expressive, all helping to carry out the idea of individuality expressed by the face. It was a style to be judged of by no rules—a face that not every one could call beautiful, but that all must allow to be unusual. It was small with a pointed chin and a low square brow, such as Tenniel draws; but the mouth had more character in it than the artist usually allows his beauties. The complexion was pale, the skin delicately fine and soft; the hair grew out from the forehead and temples like that of Clytie, in the famous bust—soft, abundant, springy hair, dark bronze in colour, with tints of red visible in a strong light. The eyes were steady and clear—just now hard and defiant in expression; their colour not easily defined—some mixture of brown, gray, and blue. It was a face which was an odd union of feel and force.

A gentleman was at a dance, not knowing who she was, once said of her—

"If I were a painter, I would paint that girl as 'Joan of Arc.'"

Ruth Boyd looked wistfully at her friend upon giving that last piece of information. After perceptible hesitation, Cecily again condescended to inquire—

"Was there any news in Marjorie's letter?"

"I brought it. You may read it," said the other, half impatiently, handing over a missive on foreign paper.

Cecily opened it slowly, as if determined to display no eagerness. It was a girl's chatty scrawl, dated from Cannes, full of rambling descriptions of "jolly scenery" and "fun" of various kinds, ending with a regret that papa would think it necessary to come home for Christmas because of the boys' holidays. Cecily perused it with indifference until she came to the postscript, which ran thus—

"Mr. Mallinger's wedding is to be in Easter week. What on earth are we to give him for a wedding-present? Papa and mamma bought some beautiful mirrors in Venice, but we youngsters want to give him something too, because he was so awfully kind, helping us with the play last Christmas. Fancy—we little thought then that he would be engaged to be married this year! He is to bring Lady Blanche Menzies to Greyfield early in the New Year. We are so glad. Ask Cecily for suggestions about the wedding-present. He used to talk to her such a lot, and she's clever and would know what he would like."

The girl's whole face hardened as her eyes travelled down the page. Twice she read the paragraph deliberately through, and then handed the paper back to its owner.

"I suppose you came to show me that," she said coldly.

"Well, I did," admitted Ruth diffidently.

"I thought you ought to know, Cis," Cecily stretched out her hand impulsively. In gratitude for her friend, then sank wearily into a low chair and let her arms droop listlessly.

"You have saved me from a great deal, Ruth; you have prevented its all being blurted out to me by Marjorie, in front of the whole family, in the road after church on Christmas Day. Well, now I shall be prepared. I can meet even Sybil's eyes serenely. Forewarned is forearmed."

"Sybil has never forgiven you for carrying off her fox-hunting Squire Harding," laughed Ruth. "She would give anything to know for a fact that you were in love with Mallinger. She almost asked me point-blank when I last saw her."

Cecily laughed a short, scornful laugh.

"Mr. Harding is better to be had for the asking. Sybil had still to console him."

"Miss Mylner of Greyfield will hardly take your leaveings, Cis."

"I suppose not. So Oscar Mallinger is coming to Greyfield—is going to have the hardihood to bring this girl he is engaged to and flaunt her before my very eyes? He has good taste, certainly—the true gentle manly instinct. Oh, Ruth, it is terrible to feel as I do! If I could only make him suffer something—a tenth, a hundredth part of what he has made me endure! Poor what can I do? Nothing! I am peevish you see—just Cecily Rutland, from the vicarage, invited to the vicar's hall to be

to while away the great Mr. Mallinger's leisure hours, to keep his flirtation hand in! Most probably he never gave me a thought when once he was back in town, spending his time in fashionable drawing-rooms, with a bevy of admiring ladies always at the heels of the pet novelist of the day! Bah—I hate myself for giving him a thought! I despise myself for ever having betrayed any weakness even to you."

"I think you betrayed yourself wonderfully little, Cecily. I blame myself, as you know, so terribly for having, as it were, aided and abetted you; but any one with the very smallest power of discernment must have believed that that man was in love with you! Cecily, I tell you he was in love with you! Were he on his death-bed to affirm the contrary, I would not listen. He loved you; and, like a scoundrel, he left you—to make his way in the world by marrying a title, having first practised every art of which he was master to make you love him! It is one of those many uncatalogued crimes for which one cannot bring a man to justice."

Cecily's eyes roamed round the pretty room, and a strange gleam played over her features.

"When I remember certain things which passed in this room," she said, "I am almost inclined to think you are right. When I recall him, sitting in that very chair you now occupy, or bending over me at the piano in the firelight, while you and Marjorie toasted muffins and squabbled! Idiot that I am, I can remember whole conversations! I used to live through them all after he had gone till I knew them by heart. It is detestable folly, I know; but, Ruth, remember—that man was in my heart for a whole year, and a year is a good while at my time of life! When first I met him, the summer before last, at Grayfield—oh, you remember—he came down for three days for Herbert's coming-of-age festivities. We, of course, were at the great garden-party, which included everybody; at the ball which included all the elite; and at the picnic, which included only intimates. I know he was struck with me then; if he did not say so, he implied it. He vowed to get invited down for Christmas, and he was as good as his word. I was simpleton enough to count up the days, almost until he came; and you see, one month no men down here to put fancies out of one's head. You know what followed. You were a spectator of every act in the little drama. He conquered the little country-girl; he made her show him how strong was his influence; he broke her heart most creditably—"

"Nonsense, Cecily!"

"I think, seriously, he did break my heart, Ruth. At least, it was completely gone afterwards. Even after he had gone away I still hoped on, though it makes me crimson with shame to own it. I imagined a hundred reasons for his leaving without speaking definitely. I was quite hatefully callous of poor Squire Harding's feelings when I refused him—it did seem so insane to imagine I could care for him when I had seen Mallinger. Then came the blow—Sybil's revenge. All my life long I shall remember that tennis-party—it was the twenty-third of July—when she told me of his engagement, Ruth. Such things don't do to think about."

She broke off abruptly, gazing into the fire with eyes indignantly flashing.

"You were splendid, then," said Mrs. Boyd consolingly. "I never saw anything to equal your self-possession."

"I felt turned all to stone in a moment," said Cecily, with a sigh. "It was not hard to be quiet nor to speak composedly. I felt as if I should never feel again—quite numb."

"Poor child!" said the doctor's wife sympathetically, taking up and stroking one of the expressive hands. "But there, I won't pity you! I have treated you too long on the pity system, and must change the treatment, as Geoff would say. I prescribe a tonic. I want to cure you entirely, Cis."

"Cure me? I was getting much better—honestly I was. I have been sleeping and eating better the last month; but now it all starts up fresh again. I begin to feel so acutely, to remember so clearly."

"And if he is to appear, to complete the mischief we shall have you downright ill!" cried her friend. "No, Cecily; it shall not be!"

"You shall go away."

"Go away? Not see him?" said Cecily, with a start.

"There—you stand convicted! You must not see him!" said Mrs. Boyd impressively.

Cecily put one hand over her heart to quiet its tumult, and gazed away out of the window over the familiar fields, trees, and hedges, among which all her childhood and girlhood had passed, with the exception of three years at a good school at Dusseldorf, where she had made Ruth's acquaintance.

As her friend gazed at her face, she thought of what her husband had said on his first introduction to her. "Miss Rutland is a true daughter of her century; she would be the rage in London. She does not know her value."

Simple Geoff's penetration, when the dapper young novelist had appeared upon the scene, and at once shown how he admired Miss Rutland; but only unhappiness had as yet been the result of Cecily's first taste of the cup of admiration.

The silence lasted several minutes. Ruth broke it.

"Did not the Luxmores invite you to Pemberton Square," she asked.

"They have done so. I was going to decline. Mother wants so much help in the Christmas holidays; and, you see, I am in no mood for visiting."

"Then you must speedily change your mood, and go, I entreat you, by all our friendship! Cecily, the Luxmores are the very people for you! Their life is so full of interests; they are so musical, so artistic so animated! A month with them would make you a different girl. Besides, think how useful a little London experience would be to you! You have called yourself a raw country girl; go and learn town-life—"

"Wisdom. Oh, Cecily, do go—do I fear!"

"I am afraid I have turned kind! Do you want to be surprised?"

"I am afraid I never heard of it!"

"Then I should not see the wife he has chosen."

"I will most faithfully promise and vow to write a full description of her! I will indeed!"

"I don't feel inclined to go visiting, Ruth."

"I know you don't, and that is the strongest reason why you should. The reluctance to leave the spot is one of the worst symptoms. Brace your nerves like a brave girl; pull yourself together, and get the better of all this nonsense. Your mother complained to Geoff the other day, professionally, about your altered spirits. Oh, do go! Promise me you will! Don't waste your best years of youth hankering after what is worthless! Call in pride, Cis, and go to London."

The battle was won. Cecily moved her hands from the table, clasped them behind her head, and walked to the window.

"Perhaps I had better go," she said sadly.

CHAPTER II.

The back drawing-room of a well-furnished, well-to-do London house in one of the West-End squares is a comfortable place on a dripping foggy evening in early January just about tea-time.

Mrs. Luxmore's room was of that delightful sort in which everything is comfortable, and nothing so smart as to make one afraid to use it. A tall black-and-gold screen was drawn across the yawning archway leading into the darkness of the larger front room beyond. The fire was quite clear, and shed a most grateful warmth. Mrs. Luxmore, herself was indulging in her daily hour's recreation and novel, and her youngest daughter had just been reluctantly drawn from the piano by the seductions of the capacious gypsy tea-table and its accompaniments.

Phoebe Luxmore was in the coat stage of girlhood, and dressed in a rudimentary bronze-brown garment which gave one the idea that she would soon grow out of it; but already there were indications about her of a good deal of beauty, and also of that rare style which characterised her mother. She curled herself up on the thick, soft hearthrug, dislodged the fox-terrier with a friendly slap, and lifted the cover of the dish on the brass tripod in the fender.

"We will wait till they arrive—shall we not?"

"They must be in soon, even if the train is late," replied Mrs. Luxmore, glancing at the clock. "Does Rio dine at home to-night?"

"Yes, Vanda said he must. What is Cecily Rutland like, mother?"

"I have never seen her since Vanda was at Dusseldorf, you know. I remember I thought her very interesting and a bit of a genius. I am curious to know how she has developed. She must lead a very quiet life at Ryelands."

A tap at the door of the drawing-room was heard.

"That's Madeline," said Phoebe composedly.

A bright-looking, bonny girl, well muffled in furs, entered.

"Good evening, Mrs. Luxmore! I have come to see your visitor. Oh, hasn't she arrived yet?"

"Vanda has gone to meet her, and I expect them every minute. Sit down, dear, take off your wraps and have some tea," said Mrs. Luxmore.

The new comer fetched herself a cosy chair with the air of one quite familiar with the house and its occupants.

"Vanda tells me she is a girl who plays the violin splendidly, and puts her soul into it. I do so want to hear her!"

"You had better stay and dine, dear," answered her hostess placidly. "There will be some good music after dinner—the unaccompanied voice quartettes for the Artists' Benefit Concert are to be rehearsed."

"Mr. Luxmore conducts, I suppose?" asked the visitor.

"Ric? Oh, yes—as usual! He is very busy."

"He will be awfully pleased to find you here," remarked Phoebe frankly, some what to Madeline's discomfort.

Madeline Sedgewick was an orphan, so entirely alone in the world as to have to live with a salaried chaplain. She was also an heiress in a small way—that is to say she had a competency, which was her sole drawback in the eyes of Richard Luxmore.

She was very intimate at Pemberton Square, and they were all sincerely fond of her. To-night she needed no second invitation to stay and dine, but promptly removed her hat from her fluffy hair, tossed it on to a distant sofa, and drew near the tea-table.

"Rat-tat-tat!" resounded on the front door, and "There they are!" exclaimed all the three, and remained in attitudes of silent expectation until Vanda pushed open the door of the drawing room and ushered in her visitor.

Cecily received a charming welcome. She was a little stiff and cold from her five hours' railway journey; but such sensations as her cloak was unfastened, her hat removed, and herself installed in such a chair as they know how to make nowadays, with a cup of such tea as, so Madeline Sedgewick declared, was to be found nowhere but in Pemberton Square. Certain gloomy meditations in which she had indulged in the solitude of the railway carriage now also took wing for a time, so interested did she become in the lively chatter of the three girls, who seemed to have so much to say.

They began by criticising a novel which all of them had just been reading, Mrs. Luxmore included. Each of the four took a lively part in the discussion, and they criticised it far more seriously than Cecily had ever heard a novel spoken of. At home at Ryelands novels were viewed by her parents with a barely disguised contempt as a most unworthy way of consuming a leisure hour. They had expressed surprise that a clever young man like Mr. Mallinger should waste his time in writing them.

"But it pays, I suppose," the Vicar had remarked "and to 'pay' nowadays you must do something precious foolish or precious wicked."

"Well, I don't care—I hold to my opinion," said Vanda vehemently, at last. "Cecily, what do you say? Have you read A Taste of Taste?"

"Indeed! I am afraid I never heard of it!"

"It is a very good book," said Phoebe.

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"It is a very good book," said Phoebe.

"My dear, you have something in store!"

cried Vanda. "We will march to Madeline's to-morrow."

"After all, it is hardly to be wondered at that she has not yet heard of him," said Mrs. Luxmore. "He sprang so suddenly into notoriety."

"Yes—it is only nine months since he published that odd thing, A Strange Antidote. And now everybody is talking about him!" said Phoebe.

"My father and mother are old-fashioned, they do not care for novels," said Cecily shyly.

"They miss a great deal of pleasure," observed Mrs. Luxmore sympathetically, which rejoinder made Cecily smile.

When she was thoroughly warmed and rested, Vanda made a move.

"Come," said she—"I'll help you to unpack, and we will transfer our attentions to the fire in your bedroom. Madeline, are you dressed?"

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Sedgewick shamelessly. "I felt sure Mrs. Luxmore would ask me to stay."

"Come then, Cecily," cried Vanda, "and let us unearth the violin!"

She led the girl away, up the tall flights of stairs, to the comfortable room prepared for her. Cecily liked the look of this room so much that she really quite wished she felt spirits to enjoy it. Two years ago she would have been so eager and bright, but now she felt the future could offer nothing she would care to have, and the past had brought her only pain.

"I am afraid my violin is very dull," she said humbly to her friend. "One gets so moped down at Ryelands. One hears nothing! It appears that I have never heard of the novelist of the day."

"What does that matter? Fancy a girl who can play the violin as you can talking such nonsense! You are going to take every one by storm! Ah, here is a pile of music! Let me look—Mendelssohn, Chopin, Gounod, Wagner, Schubert, Liszt, Grieg, Grieg, Grieg, Kjerulf! Well, my dear, if you are behindhand with your flection, you are at least quite up to date with your music! Who taught you to play Grieg?"

Cecily crimsoned. Who, indeed? Who had stood rapt as that bronze head had bent so deliciously, so caressingly over his violin? Who had watched every deft curve of the firm delicate wrist over the bow? Who had suggested a thousand pretty fanciful meanings to the quaint eloquent music? Every piece that lay there had been executed according to Oscar Mallinger's interpretation. A great many unpleasant memories swept over her as she stood in the bedroom of this strange London house; but with her habitual self-possession she answered quietly—

"I believe I played Grieg as well as I play anything!"

"How delighted they will all be," cried Vanda; "and especially Phoebe! She will play your accompaniments by the hour together."

When the bell rang, an hour later, it was with a feeling of something strangely like relief that Miss Rutland went downstairs.

"At least this house is free from associations with him," she thought. "At home he was everywhere—in my own sitting-room, at Greyfield, at the Boyls', at church; and in every lane I could say to myself, 'Here I met him on such and such a day last year!' I am free from such tyranny here in London."

Richard Luxmore and his mother looked up simultaneously as their visitor entered; and simultaneously each thought, "What a striking girl!"

Ryelands was a remote place, and the Vicar's daughter could not be supposed to know much of the prevailing fashion; she could however accurately discern when her dress fitted her; and, by avoiding all extremes and courting great simplicity, she managed usually to look well on a sum which most girls nowadays would regard as beggarly. Perhaps this result was aided a good deal by the girl's natural advantages. She possessed an extremely good figure.

"Any rag looks well the moment you put it on," her schoolfellows had been wont to say with envy. The shape of her shoulders, back, and waist, the poise of her head, the droop of her arms, the way she moved—all were exceptionally admirable; and as these gifts are the rarest among English women, with whom fine eyes, teeth, hair, and complexion are so common, Mr. Oscar Mallinger's prompt distinction of this obscure country girl did the greatest credit to his discrimination. Perhaps Cecily's own bitter suggestion had been true.

"He wants to describe me in a book," she had said to Ruth Boyd, when all was over. "Perhaps he will put my artless affection for himself in too—an Arcadian interlude for the man of the world who is to be his hero."

Her dress was white this evening—white, fresh, and simple. Her mother's garnet necklace, an heirloom in the Rutland family, lay glowing on her white neck. Her fine arms were bare to the elbow, without either bracelet or ring.

"This is a son, Cecily. Rio—this is Miss Rutland," said Mrs. Luxmore, eyeing her visitor with great complacency.

Richard was a good-looking self-possessed man of five-and-thirty, who was already well known in the musical world as a conductor and composer. He was seated by Madeline Sedgewick, and rose to shake hands with his sister's friend. Cecily liked him at once. He had a pencil and a half-sheet of note-paper in his hand, was apparently jotting down the items of a programme.

"They are arranging one of their 'social gatherings,'" said Mrs. Luxmore in a low tone to her young guest. "Richard has a great friend with a big poor parish in the East End. We take down a musical or dramatic company to him once a fortnight. This winter they have been very successful—crowded houses."

"Now here," broke in Richard, his pencil hesitating for a moment—"here, after Kent's recitation, we ought to have some instrumental music."

"Cecily plays the violin, Rio. Perhaps she would help," suggested Vanda.

"Wait till you have heard me!" said Cecily hurriedly. "Indeed, I am afraid I am not equal to it. My performance was never considered a success in the Ryelands parish schoolroom."

"Our East-enders are more appreciative; we have been educating them these last two years," said Vanda, who was standing behind her friend's chair. "Cecily, what remarkably pretty hair you have! How do you manage to do it in that way? Will you teach me?"

"It is easy enough; it takes only three days," said Cecily, laughing and blushing.

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ing; and she was relieved from further embarrassment by the sound of the dinner-gong in the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

Is There a Supreme Moment of Consciousness When the Soul Quits the Body?

"I was reading an article this morning on how it feels to die," said Dr. W. H. Epworth. "No living man can tell how death feels, or whether the actual act of dissolution is accompanied by sensation or not. A man who, through disease or casualty, has lost consciousness—has become to all appearances dead—and is then resuscitated, can really tell us nothing about it, for he did not die. The machinery did not come to a complete stand-still—the life force did not leave the body. It may be that the poet has dipped deeper than the physician into the awful mystery of death. It may be that he has described terrors not visible to the eyes of the medical man, who interests himself only in the condition of the animal mechanism."

"I have stood by the deathbed of men who told me they were going to hell, and saw them pass peacefully to their long sleep. I have looked at their dead faces a few minutes later and saw thereon a look of fear, of horror, that was not visible when the heart gave its last faint throb and then stood still. I have had others tell me almost with their last breath that they were going to heaven. They passed away with wan, weary faces that were pitiful to contemplate, but before they became rigid a smile sweet as an angel's dream overpread the pallid features. The deep lines of suffering faded out, and the aged looked almost youthful, the weary and worn became radiant. What causes this change, which every physician has noticed? When does death occur? We say when the animal machinery stops, when the breath and pulse cease."

"That is what the doctor calls death, but it may not really be death after all. The spirit may not leave the body, may not take its departure from earth with the last breath, the last faint heart-beat. It may cling for some moments to its shattered tenement before it takes flight, before it faces those terrors or enters into those transcendent glories which the poet has painted. The death of the body, with which doctors only deal, may be but the prelude to a more important act, the departure of the spirit. Science has gone far, but it has not yet lifted the veil of mystery which the Almighty has hung over the couch of death."

Novel Measuring of Water Depths.

Frederick J. Smith of Trinity College, Oxford, explains a curious way of finding the depth of a piece of water at a distance.

"About two years ago," he says, "I wished to know from time to time the rate at which a river was rising after a fall of rain. The river was a considerable distance from the spot where its height was to be known. By means of the combination of two organ pipes and a telephone circuit described in the following lines I have been able to make the required measurement within rather close limits. At the river station an organ pipe was fixed vertically in an inverted position, so that the water in the river acted as a stopper to the pipe, and the rise and fall of the water determined the note it gave when blown by a small bellows driven by a very small water wheel."

A microphone was attached to the upper end of the organ pipe; this was in circuit with a wire leading to a town station at some distance; at the town station there was an exactly similar organ pipe, which could be lowered into a vessel full of water while it was sounding. By means of the telephone the note given by the pipe at the river was clearly heard at the town station; then the organ pipe at this station was lowered or raised by hand until it gave the same note. The lengths of the organ pipes under water at the two stations were then equal, so that the height of the water in the distant river was known."

The determination can be made in less than a minute by anyone who can recognize the agreement of two similar notes. The arrangement when first tested was so placed that the height of water at two places near together might be easily compared. I found that a lad with an average ear for musical sounds was able to get the two heights to agree within one-eighth of an inch of each other, while a person with an educated ear, adjusted the instrument immediately to almost exact agreement. The total height to be measured was seventeen inches. A difference of temperature at the two stations would make a small difference in the observed heights. For instance, taking a note caused by 250 vibrations per second, a difference of 10 degrees C. between the temperature of the two stations (one not likely to occur) would make a difference of about 0.02 feet in the height, a quantity of no moment in such a class of measurements. The organ pipes were of square section and made of metal to resist the action of the water."

Man's Superiority.

She goes down to the dry goods store and spends our good old dollars

For shirts just like her brother wears, with reg'lar standing collars;

She even has her hair cut short, and tries the best she can

To obliterate the difference between herself and man;

But, when it comes to whiskers—by this idea we're cheered—

That we've got the everlasting bulge when it comes to raising beard!

Weather Signs.

Wife—"I'm afraid we are going to have an early winter."

Husband—"Why do you think so?"

Wife—"The iceman is beginning to give full weight."

Reading.

Hardy—Did you do much reading this summer in the mountains?

Mabel—Well, I should think I did. There wasn't a rock scarcely that didn't have a patent medicine on it.

A Method of Removing Grass Stains.

MINDEN ECHO

23/10/1992

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

A vein of natural gas was struck on Saturday at Berlin.

Mr. Tarte continues to attack the Quebec judges in the columns of the Canadian for what he alleges to be their partisanship.

A young man named Doherty fell from a grain wagon in Hamilton on Saturday afternoon and broke his neck. Death was instantaneous.

A convention of the Mining Associations of the Dominion will be held in Montreal during the coming winter.

At a meeting held on Monday last the directors of Bishop O'Connell College, Oshawa, decided to finally close up that institution. The lady principal and staff will open a college at Kingston, and continue the course of the present students.

Dr. Beaudry, Inspector for the Provincial Board of Health, has returned to Montreal from an official inspection of Throes Rivers, and denounces the report sent to Washington by Vice-Consul Nicholas Smith as one in no way warranted by the facts.

A boy named Harry Andrews, three years of age, was run over by a trolley car in Hamilton, Saturday evening, and both his legs were crushed near the hips. The mangled limbs were amputated at the hospital, but the little fellow died under the operation.

The Ontario Government sold the other day in Toronto 637 square miles of timber limits in the Nipissing, Algoma, and Thunder Bay districts, principally pine, which realized the sum of \$2,308,475. The largest limit was brought by Mr. G. W. Pack, of Alpena, Mich., who purchased 351 square miles, at the rate of \$10,600 a mile, or a total of \$3,735,650, believed to be the largest price ever paid for a timber limit on the continent of America.

The steamer Britannic, which left Halifax at noon on Monday, reached Boston at a quarter past one Tuesday, the quickest trip ever made between those two ports.

Collector Cowan, of Windsor, has received instructions from Ottawa to permit the United States militia and escorts of the Governors of New York and Connecticut to pass through Canada en route to the Chicago Exhibition dedicatory ceremony and return, with horses, arms, and accoutrements.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., has announced that the Commissioners for the London Exhibition of 1881 had instituted a number of science scholarships for students who have indicated, and that the nomination to one of these scholarships, which are of the annual value of £150 sterling, had been placed at the disposal of the Senate of Queen's.

BRITISH.

It is now claimed that the trouble in the 13th Company at Portsmouth was nothing more than a practical joke.

It is feared that McKean who murdered a woman in Glasgow and mutilated her remains, is dying of his self-inflicted wounds.

A movement is on foot among English cattle breeders to promote a bill providing for the quarantining of all foreign live stock except what is intended for slaughter.

Burglars broke into the Dublin post-office on Friday night and destroyed a large number of letters addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary Morley.

Very heavy gales have been prevailing throughout England for the past few days, and much damage and many wrecks are reported.

It is feared that the braque Casanova has foundered at sea. She left Liverpool for Quebec 59 days ago, and has not been heard of since.

Lord Salisbury will open the political season by speaking at the Nonconformist Unionist Association on the 10th of November. Mr. Balfour will address the Scotch Union of Conservatives about the same time.

The workmen's clubs and Socialist societies of London which figured in the Trafalgar square riots of five years ago will reassert their right to hold public meetings there by a monster demonstration on Sunday, the 13th of November.

The election which took place last week in the Gloucester Division of Gloucester resulted in the return of Col. Master, Unionist, over Mr. Lawson by three votes. In last election this seat was held by a Gladstonian, so that the loss of the constituency reduces the Gladstonian majority to thirty-eight votes.

A dangerous spirit of disaffection exists among the 13th Hussars, stationed at Ballincollig, Ireland. A few nights ago serious disturbances in the barracks were barely avoided.

The squabble still continues between McCarthyites and Parnellites for the possession of the Paris fund. A special cable despatch says that reputable men of both sections are disgusted, and think it would be best to leave the fund where it is and let it accumulate until one faction or the other ceases to exist, and unity is restored among the Irish leaders.

The First Dragoon Guards, stationed at Shorncliffe, have been ordered to Windsor to take the place of the mutinous Life Guards at that station. A special cable despatch says this removal of the Guards from London to the Kentish coast is regarded as a very severe punishment.

The trial of Thomas Neill, charged with poisoning a number of unfortunate women, has commenced at the Old Bailey, Sir Charles Russell is prosecuting.

It is reported that an American bullock, slaughtered at Deptford, England, a few days ago, was found to have been suffering from pleuro-pneumonia in an aggravated form.

Mr. Acland, the new Vice-President of the English Council of Education, is confronted at the outset of his administration with what is declared to be a virtual conspiracy in the interests of the voluntary or denominational schools to defeat the Free Education Act. A special cable despatch says that it was intended that all Board schools maintained by tax-payers should be free, but where the friends of voluntary schools are in the majority on the governing bodies of the board free education is thwarted.

WEEKLY GL

UNITED STATES.

Audish attempt was made on Friday to fire a New York tenement house in which eighteen families resided.

The Detroit Board of Education, after a fierce fight has adopted a resolution practically excluding Roman Catholics from teaching in the Detroit Public schools.

The last detachment of troops has left Homestead, Pa. Their presence at the Carnegie works has cost the State \$300,000.

The pay and muster rolls of the Connecticut troops in the French and Indian wars which have been missing for two hundred years, have been found in a junk shop, and are now in the possession of the State librarian.

A Washington despatch says that information has come to hand that it is the intention of the President in his next message to Congress to make special reference to the question of the relations of the United States and Canada, and that as a result an effort will be made during the next session to carry the measure known as the Higgins Retaliation bill.

In the case of John Daly, a member of the Toledo City Council, charged with bribery, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. This is the first of the seven cases, and probably means conviction in all of them.

At Friday night's session of the congressional Council, held at Minneapolis, Minn., a resolution was passed, after a very warm debate, demanding that intoxicating liquors be excluded from the World's Fair.

It is promised that storage battery electric cars will be run on the Second avenue street car line, in New York. If the storage battery possess the advantages claimed by the inventors the trolley system beside it will be utterly valueless.

A telephone line has been put in operation between New York and Chicago.

A system has been inaugurated in St. Louis, Mo., of sending mails to suburban localities via the street car lines.

GENERAL.

A colony of 1,000 Japanese will be shortly located in Mexico.

A magnificent monument to the memory of Emperor Alexander II. is rapidly approaching completion at the Kremlin, Moscow.

A very faint comet was discovered by Prof. Barnard at the Lick Observatory on Wednesday night by photography.

Emperor William has sent \$12,500 to Hamburg to be spent in relieving the distress among the families of those who died of cholera.

A proposition has been made to have a military race between Vienna and Rome similar to the one run between Vienna and Berlin.

The town of Calvi, in Corsica, celebrated Columbus day on its own account. The Abbe Cassanova claims that the great navigator was born in Calvi and that natives of that town accompanied him on his voyage of discovery.

It is stated in Berlin that Prince Metternich has gone to the United States to marry an American heiress. A special cablegram says it is rumored that Emperor William will forbid the marriage.

A wealthy young Canadian named Ward has been arrested in Brussels and handed over to the French police, charged with seducing two young girls at Bourges. A special cable despatch says that the Belgian police incline to the opinion that it is a blackmailing case.

It is reported that the meeting arranged to take place between Emperor William and the Duke of Cumberland to discuss the question of the Brunswick succession has fallen through owing to the ex-Queen of Hanover persuading the Duke of Cumberland not to go, as the renunciation would be opposed to his father's wishes.

Advices have been received at Marseilles reporting that the French forces operating against the King of Dahomey have met with unexpected resistance.

A sensation has been caused by the discovery that there has existed for a long time past in Austrian Galicia a regularly organized gang of kidnapers, who have supplied young girls for the harems of wealthy Turks in Constantinople.

It is reported that the Wahhehe tribe, which last year massacred a German expedition in East Africa, killing three hundred men, have attacked the German station at Wepwapa, on the road to Usogaia.

Achievements of Upper Canada College Boys.

At the recent distribution of prizes to pupils at Upper Canada College, Deer Park, in the northern suburbs of Toronto, Mr. George Dickson, the principal, made a most satisfactory report on the first year's work in the new buildings. There were enrolled during the year 259 boys, of whom 202 were in residence. The percentage of attendance was 80; this meant that for every 100 boys enrolled, 80 were in attendance every day during the whole school year. There could be no better test of the general character of a school than the percentage of attendance. The number that passed the university matriculation and other leaving examinations during the year was as follows: Toronto University 16; Trinity University 8; McGill University 2; Royal Military College 7; Royal Navy 1; while seven completed the commercial course and received the school certificate. The national character of the school was shown by the fact that there were boys in abundance from British Columbia, the North-West Territories, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and the West Indies, while nearly every county of Ontario was represented. Out of 318 applications last year 93 were from the States. They had applications from almost every state in the union and also from Mexico, Central America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Chili, Newfoundland and Asia. No school covered a wider area of the globe in applications than did U. C. C. They could have had 400 boarders last year instead of 200, had there been room. If they went on to show that many of the applicants who had been refused were Canadians residing out of the Dominion for business or other reasons. The college should, he thought, be in a position to admit the sons of such Canadians. There is no better way of making known the resources of Canada, her institutions and the spirit of her people than by educating these boys in our midst. Upper Canada College, he continued, was not only the only residential school in Canada founded by the Crown, but it was the oldest school of its kind in the colonies. He then explained the beneficial influence of the college, comparing it with British institutions. In an humble way, but in the same relative degree, it fostered a Canadian spirit of loyalty to the old land. The real spirit of the nation

was best fostered through its schools. There could be no permanent national prosperity without the inculcation of patriotic sentiment, and no institution for doing this so efficient as Canada's national schools. Though the sentiments of loyalty should be among the teachings of childhood; yet to form the highest type of citizenship the teachings of the home must be supplemented by the broader ones of school, college and university. One fact was self-evident, that a truly Canadian school must be developed on its own soil, out of existing materials and under existing conditions. The aim of the college was to turn out Canadian citizens. The school must be a state in miniature, a healthy public opinion pervading and influencing the scholars. All schools, from the highest to the lowest, had this attribute to a certain degree, but no where had a boy so many opportunities of exercising the manly virtues as in intercourse with the pupils of a public residential school. He had the opportunity of learning without the bitterness of experience. The boy who became a leader in this kind of school would occupy the same position in after life. The records of the college in the past, extending over a period of 60 years, amply sustained this statement. Every profession and every calling in life in this country had among their best representatives old college boys. In the Army and in the Navy of the mother country there were to-day old college boys occupying the highest positions of trust. One, Gen. Charles Robinson, the brother of the honored chairman, was but the other day appointed commander of the forces in Mauritius, and made a general in the British army; another, a commander in the Royal Navy; another, a lieutenant on one of the ships of the line of the Mediterranean squadron; another is a knight of Windsor, a trusted officer of her Majesty's service; several distinguished themselves in the Crimean war, and one received the honor of the Victoria Cross, and was tendered a public reception by the citizens of Toronto on his return to his native land. Still another, a general in the British army, after serving his country for nearly half a century in various parts of the world in the Crimea, in India and in Africa, retired to devote his remaining days to works of philanthropy, and died, mourned by thousands of his countrymen. Some of the highest positions in the military service of the Dominion were held by college boys; one of the most distinguished and successful military officers in the Canadian North-west was educated here; two are at the head of Canadian Infantry schools; one, a distinguished member of parliament, was selected to command the Canadian contingent sent in 1885 to Central Africa. Another, in open competition with the military experts of the world, won the great prize offered by the Emperor of Russia for the best history of cavalry. One whose memory would ever be cherished among Canadians paid with his life his devotion to his country, and two others, Mowbray and Tempest, 26 years ago, sacrificed their lives while repelling a hostile invasion of their native province. In the world of politics one whose name is emblazoned on the honor tablets of the hall has had the distinction of being singled out from among all colonial statesmen of the present day to represent an Irish constituency in the British House of Commons. In the present Canadian Parliament there were no fewer than eight old college boys and in the Senate four. In the provinces and territories of the Canadian North-west eight were members of Parliament and territorial councillors, and at the last session of the Canadian House of Commons the "head boy" of 1874 was accorded the honorable duty of moving in the House the speech from the throne, and in the Local Legislature of the province last winter a similar honor was accorded to the "head boy" of 1872, a coincidence reflecting not only credit on themselves, but bringing honor to their schools. Besides these, among the old boys could be numbered six chief justices, 14 puisne judges, 50 Queens's counsels, over 100 barristers and 31 professors, amongst whom was the president of Toronto University. Other names that might be mentioned were Dr. Bordin, M. P., surgeon-general of the militia, the president and two ex-presidents of the Ontario Medical Council. Principal Dickson then went on to speak of the benefits of organized games and regulated athletics. In these days of high tension the pace has become so fast that the race is emphatically to the swift and the battle to the strong. Success in life greeted the man with good physical strength and good staying power. Besides this, such a school was a necessity to many, both wealthy and poor, because it was impossible to give systematic training to their children at home. Upper Canada College had, therefore, an honorable mission. It was to the scattered population of the province what the day school was to the compact population of cities, towns or villages. In its freedom from domestic and social distractions it administered to the pressing wants of many a Canadian home, to parents and guardians who were forced to send their boys from home for an education, and who cheerfully and in a patriotic spirit contribute their share of the additional burden of maintaining their local schools, the benefits of which they were unable to enjoy.

Bridal Fancies.

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

To Clean Marble.

Mix two parts of powdered whiting with one of powdered bluing and half a pound of soft soap, and allow it to come to a boil; while still hot apply with a soft cloth to the stained marble and allow it to remain there until quite dry, then wash off with hot water and soap in which a little salt of lemon has been dissolved. Dry well with a piece of soft flannel, and your marble will be clean and white as when new.

The children in Sunday school were asked "What is the greatest festival?" An orphan of six years responded, "The strawberry festival."

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Boy's Triumph.

Russell Millard was homeless; not but what he had had a sheltered nook in the world's great space, and a father, but his mother died when he was an infant, and, as is sometimes the case, undue influences were brought to bear on the boy by his new mother, in favor of her two sons, nearly the same age. She was a widow when she married Russell's father. It was a sad moment to the lad when he was told to leave the only place he had ever called home. It has been said "that with a soul touching, God's great economies every land is home." But the half orphan to whom we have introduced the reader had yet to feel the force of this exalted thought. A boy is more apt to read sign-boards than an illuminated text.

The lad had been kept in the background, both physically and mentally, as far as development was concerned.

His two step-brothers were attending—one a law school and the other a military academy, so the difference was made to appear very pronounced. "Now, Russell, you are a boy, you can be no more; this was impressed upon him daily, yet something seemed to whisper in his ear, "gather up all that is in you and bring it to the fore and see what it looks like." So one day, in the presence of his brothers, as he called them, he expressed a desire to commence life for himself, as he had read in the newspaper of an opening for a clerkship. "You!" said his brothers in the same breath, "just as well pull up a hill of potatoes and send that off!" But his insult was arrested by a sound knock that sent him reeling with a bleeding mouth to the floor. This was what opened the house door to Russell Millard. The lad went, and left all the shame with his brothers.

And all this took place with his own father's apparent approval. Oh, these fathers with only the wrong ear open make some terrible mistakes. What will not these home makers have to answer for. We cannot get rid of that word home. It is of divine origin. It follows us into every land and makes a song for itself.

Father, look after your motherless boy at any cost. Be slow to believe the tale you hear, against him. Fancy his mother by your side, saying in a low, sweet voice, "Deal gently with his faults." Many of the faults of this class of children are misrepresented. Do not be biased in your treatment of them. Take time; let affection speak; hold a council with truth, love and mercy ere you become a self-appointed judge and decide against your boy and in favor of his enemies. Strange, it is not, that a little boy can have enemies in his own household. Enemies to withhold the tenderness that might save him, the light of a kind smile to guide him. Some one is responsible—will it be you, father? But there was fast rising a purpose in little Russell. He began to assert himself. He felt that he had right on his side. Self-defence is a coat of mail; there is no crevice in it. Arrows of conscience might come, but now they would fall harmlessly. Satan sometimes tempts even the innocent. Russell had not studied law, but he was fast becoming a law unto himself. He was ignorant of military tactics, but he knew right from wrong. Oh, had there been one that day to whisper in his boyish ear a mother's counsel; but he stood alone, "bent side." He went without a single "God bless you" to shorten the road and brighten the end. He was turned out of the house—driven away; blamed for not being as civilized as the highly educated and fully trained ones behind. Not more now was Russell thrust out of the home hearts than when he was among them. They had given him no chance, treated him as if he were inferior quality, and when he attempted to equalize himself, as above stated, he was punished. All that his father, a man of few words, said, was "Russell, I shall not expect to see you here when I return to-night."

There is no kindness like the kindness of bringing up a child to work. The parents of Russell performed unwittingly a great kindness in this direction, and that he was accustomed to labor stood him in good stead now. As he passed in his journey, the garden, the orchard, the field beyond where the cattle were pastured, a sweet-blossomed thought came into his mind and took root.

"I will stop to grandma's," "Now the old lady has duties to perform as well as the young. Do not think, Grandma, because you have brought up Charley and Willie and Ben, there is no more for you to do. Your old heart must warm itself beside the glow of boyish love. Your dull eyes must look in tenderness through your spectacles at the thorn that presses your loved ones' bosom. Do not wrap your soft shawl around you as though the world was not full of struggle and pain that required your sympathy. That's what God gave you your three boys for so you would know how to feel for somebody else's three boys."

To do the old lady justice we will say that she always kept a warm place in her bosom for Laura's boy, Russell. Many a nice tete-a-tete had they enjoyed together talking of his mamma. But now it must all end. Grandma was only a pensioner, and her dear Laura's boy must leave her, but not without a good-bye kiss on her old wrinkled cheek. She listened to his story. Now hear what she says:

"God knows what is in every man, woman and child. You may be driven out, but let your faith in God never waver. You have left all the shame with your brothers. This is the law of life, my boy; behave like a man, however much others may mock and persecute you—let the shame be theirs; wear them out by the very patience of noble goodness. Do right, be good, and God will defend you."

So Russell decided to go on. There is room enough in the world if he had only known it. We need not crowd one another so. Family difference and disagreements of even a painful character may be turned by space into a kind of reconciliation. It is sometimes best to divide, separate. There is wonderful healing in fresh air, and new sunshine, new scenery and surroundings. The old lady laid aside her knitting and walked down the box-wood path towards the gate. But Russell Millard never got any farther on his journey as a banished child, than that cottage gate. Grandma blessed him and went back with a tear on her cheek.

Two gentlemen sat in the parlor of that deserted home, which would never echo the boyish tones of Russell Millard, the half orphan lad, more! We have followed him to the gate of grandmother Green's cottage.

"Where is the little fellow now?" These

words were uttered by a tall dignified with a professional air about him. "I cannot say," said Mr. Millard. "And yet he has gone off permanently without leaving any address; strange, very strange," said the stranger.

"He has only been gone an hour or so, and may return."

The man saw that the speaker was falsifying. "Strange, very strange," he reiterated.

"May I ask why you inquire so particularly after the boy. Has anything happened to—"

"Yes, something has happened, and I will go over the ground he took, and perhaps I can overtake him."

Without listening for a reply the stranger started.

After grandma had pronounced a blessing on the lad he lifted the latch, intending to pass out, but as he did so a tall figure loomed up before him. Russell felt it was a relief for anything just then to avert his thoughts and feelings. The sun was getting low as the stranger asked:

"Do you know where I can find a woman by the name of Martha Green?"

"Yes, sir; she lives right here, sir; she is my grandmother."

The man half suspected the rest, but he said:

"And you are Russell Millard?"

The child turned pale, for he was excited; still, he answered firmly:

"Yes, sir; there's grandma."

The stranger said:

"Come, my son," and the two stepped up through the box-wood to the porch, where the old lady was waiting, with a strange foreboding look on her face.

Grandma, this man asked for you."

Down came the spectacles from forehead to eyes. Grandma believed in seeing her way clearly—she did not choose to run any risks. The story was soon told in a lawyer's brief. The point was this. A missionary had left to Laura Green Millard, the mother of Russell Millard, a handsome fortune. For years they had not heard of her, but supposed she had been eaten up by the cannibals; but no, she died in her bed, and with a sound mind. She was no relative, only a teacher and sincere, loving friend of Laura; if Laura Millard was not living, it was to go to her heir or heirs.

The lawyer did not for certain reasons, after inquiries in the neighborhood, mention Widow Green, to Millard, and he (Millard) would not let the old lady should reveal the ignoble part he had played in the boy's life. The shame had already come to him, while Russell was untouched.

"This boy is a minor madam," said the man of law, as he laid his hand heavily on the open Bible from whence had been gathered his name, age, and also those of his ancestors.

"Yes," said grandma.

"He must have a guardian."

"Yes, and there comes Jake."

Now Jake was another grandchild, but he was an older one, full manly in size, and honest, and true.

"How bookish it all sounds," she said as Jake was made "guardian," as grandma put it. Just then a loud barking arrested Russell's attention, and he saw coming down the road his father, while Carlo, the dog, had heralded his approach and was now licking the hand of his true friend, Russell.

The lawyer had left in a hurry, and when Mr. Millard came in, the interview was a constrained one, yet the truth must be told. A pleasant smile illumined the once cruel father's face as he said, "Well, Rus, you had better go home with Carlo and I—"

"Home!" said the child, as he stepped quickly to grandma's side—"this, and this only, is my home, sir."

Grandma put her hand in blessing on his head. "Ain't it, grandy?"

"Yes, if you say so, Russell."

Mr. Millard was thrown off his guard. He never dreamed that age or youth could outwit him. Then, turning his face, he said: "The boy must have a guardian, as he is a minor."

"That matter is all settled," said Jake, who until now had sat a speechless looker-on.

"I will see that he is protected."

"You!"

"Yes. He is my choice," said Russell.

For the next eight years the happy lad was an inmate of the preparatory and collegiate schools. Grandpa was dead. One stormy night in December, while residing in a distant city, he was called to attend, in his capacity as physician, a dying man. That man was his father. Russell saved him, but the others had all gone down in the whirlpool of dissipation and shame.

"Yes, my boy, I did you a wrong, but I've repented."

"And you are fully forgiven, my father," was Russell's reply.

Caught in His Own Trap.

Two ministers were once conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the elder of the two, waxing warm, "You are ruining yourself off by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching, and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince his brother that the written sermon expressed his thoughts and feelings, and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said he, "suppose you try me next Sunday morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and we will then see who will make the best of it."

This idea seemed to delight the elder preacher, and it was agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, the senior brother handed the younger minister a slip on which was written: "And the sun opened his mouth and spake," from which the young divine preached a gloriously good sermon, chaining the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

For the afternoon the younger minister handed a slip to the elder.

After rising and opening the Bible, the old man glanced at the slip and then, in a doleful voice he read aloud: "Am I not thine as?"

Pausing a few moments, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose in a nervous, jerking way, and read again: "Am I not thine as?"

Then, glancing at the text, he directly bled:

"I think"

WIDENED

25/15/1992

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